



MARINA'S DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

A Fourth of July Story by
Martha McCulloch Williams.

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MARTHA MCCULLOCH WILLIAMS.

"NO, YOU can't go to the bar-
becue. That's the word
with the bark on it," Mrs.
Mims said, glowering at
her niece, Marina. "That goose plum
jelly has got to be made today. Be-
sides, it'll be no place for you."

"Cousin John is going," Marina pro-
tested. Mrs. Mims sniffed. "Men can
go anywhere," she said, "specially
when they're in politics. I wish to pat-
ience John wasn't. He's always put-
ting up somebody to run for something.
Why, he'll spend enough on this very
congress election to build a church and
hide a multitude of faults."

Marina smiled covertly. She was used
to her aunt's way of mixing Scripture
with Mrs. Mims thought herself very pi-
ous. Other people said she was only
very ill tempered and domineering,
passing on to her dependents what she
received from her son John. He play-
ed at being a lawyer and spent most
of his time in the county town, coming
home to his mother about once or twice
a fortnight.

"I think you ought to let me go," Ma-
rina persisted. "I'm 19 and have never
heard or read the Declaration of In-
dependence."

"If that's your excuse, you shan't
have it any longer," Mrs. Mims said,
unhooking a tall black cloth and draw-
ing from it something folded in yellow-
ed paper. She held it up to Marina, say-
ing: "Now read your 11th. My grand-
father paid \$50 to help print that back
in 1821, when Lafayette was here, and
people turned looks, same as they do
now. Patience knows I wish I had the
money, even without interest!"

Inside the yellowed paper Marina
found a breadth of what had been
white silk. The Declaration was print-
ed on it under a golden caption within
a border of red, white and blue. The
type was so bold the sheet had the di-
mensions of a small flag. Marina read
the opening paragraph with sparkling
eyes. Then she refolded the sheet,
dropped it in the bottom of a clean
splint basket and ran away to the plum
trees.

They grew upon the very edge of the
orchard, where it bordered the big
road. Their flittery, dark green leaves
stirred in the lightest airs and let
broken shafts of sun fall on the long
grass beneath. The plums, deep red
with rich amethystine bloom, lay plea-
santly in the grass. The ripest had
burst in falling. Ravaging bees and
yellow jackets hummed and buzzed
above them.

Marina was glad of the hedgerow
shelter. She did not mind picking
plums. The orchard was infinitely
pleasanter than the house. Still she did
not care to have everybody see her at
work upon a holiday. She had set her
heart upon going to the barbecue. Half
the county would be there partly
through patriotic pride in the day, but
more through interest in a critical
condition of local politics. It was just
three weeks to the convention which
would name a candidate for congress.
So far it was a perfectly even thing
between the two aspirants for that
honor. If one or the other got the
Wayne county delegates, he would get
the nomination, which was
equivalent to an election.

Partisans of both had got up the
Fourth of July barbecue, so there had
been heaps of fine work in the efforts
to set one ahead of the other. At last
it had been settled that young Dancy,
Mr. John Mims' man, who had a fine
tenor voice, should lead the glee club
in singing "Hail, Columbia!" and that
his opponent, Leslie Page, should read
to the assembled sovereigns the Decla-
ration of Independence.

Marina knew both of them and hat-
ed young Dancy for a conceited darter.
She had not seen Leslie Page
since she came orphaned, to live with
her aunt. But he had been often in
her father's house and, though he was
years her elder, had always shown her
the courtesy due a little princess. It
was the hope of seeing him again
which had made her so far leave her
nursery. She felt that it would be enough
to look up at him, herself unseen, and
to hear again his voice—deep and soft
and kind. It had pained her beyond
words to find herself forced to sit sil-
ent while her cousin John heaped his
choicest, courtiest satire on the head of
this sometime friend.

That had been hard, but not quite so
hard as to stand there in that green
covert and hear all her world whirling
gayly by on the way to Bear Spring
and the barbecue. Marina loved the
place. The grove was a thick green
chaff, yet open to every wind that
blew. The spring itself danced out
from under a wooded hillside and ran
away over the clean brown pebbles all
the length of a green valley.

When the basket would not hold an-
other plum, Marina turned to go, but
stopped at the sound of slow wheels on
the roadway.

As she knelt in shadow she heard a
familiar voice say: "This is my place.
I let the old one run it. We're off the
same piece, you see. There'd be rows
sure if we both staid here. The old
one has got sense, though. She never
crosses me, no matter what I do."

"Commonly, you're up to a good
many things," another voice said.
John Mims laughed. Marina could
imagine his triumphant leer as he an-
swered:

"Well, a few, specially about this
barbecue. The very last of them is the
slickest too. Say, do you know that
yeller nigger Joe up at Grace's stable?"

"I do that! Keenest sort of rascal.
What about him?" the other voice
questioned. Again Mims laughed.

"Nothin' much," he said. "Only Joe's
comin' out today to show Mr. Page the
way. Page is a stranger in these parts,
you see. He's got his own buggy. De-
vish good span to it too. I called on
him last night at the hotel. Guess what
he was doin'?"

The other man muttered inaudibly.
John Mims ran on: "He was fixin
what he called a handy copy of the
Declaration—sheets he had got some-
body to print for him in his type. Said
a man couldn't carry big, heavy books
when he had to travel in light marchin'
order. I told him he was right. It was
a good idea. I had a good idea too."

"Then, you went and saw Joe?" the
other man said significantly.

Mims chuckled audibly. "I don't
tell all I do," he said. "But I sorter
think there's trouble ahead for Mr.
Leslie Page. I don't believe he'll read
the Declaration after all."

The other man echoed the chuckle.
As Mims flicked his horses forward
Marina caught the words: "Wayne
county don't like to be fooled. It's near
half for Dancy now. If this paper
works right, why, he'll go through the
convention with bells on."

The procession began to form at
Eton's store, where the big road dipped
to the spring valley. Flute and fiddles
led it, playing "Lexington" as for life.
Then came folk on horseback, solid
men, small boys, small girls, and very
young women; after them the bugles,
each with its prancing span; next the
carriages and barouches; and, last of
all, a dozen farm wagons full of tidy
colored people and good things for din-
ner. The grove at Bear Spring was
alive with other colored folks, laugh-
ing, chatting, happy in the thought of
seeing and hearing everything and
making many an honest penny by tak-
ing care of horses and waiting on the
white people.

The Mims carriage, gay with bun-
ting and wreaths of summer flowers,
was slightly crowded by the glee club,
which sang five strong. The back seat
was given up to young Dancy and Miss
Cora Hill, the soprano. Her white
swiss muslin frock was gay with red,
white and blue ribbon. Indeed she was
throughout a sort of symphony in na-
tional colors, having crisp red hair,
bright blue eyes and a very white skin.
She was, further, light and airy and, in
her own mind, a coquette.

"I'll sing with you, but I'll lecture
for Mr. Page," she said to Dancy. "I



"IF THAT'S YOUR EXCUSE, YOU SHAN'T HAVE
IT ANY LONGER."

Do like him, oh, so much? I was in his
neighborhood last winter, and he was
so nice to me I just couldn't help fall-
ing in love with him."

"Now, Miss Cora," Buck Darden,
who sang alto, protested, "it's a plum
chance you're talkin' that way! You
know this is the Dancy Glee club—at
least it's goin' to be as soon as he's
nominated."

ejaculated, pretending to sit farther
from Dancy. The other three laughed
aloud. The procession had turned into
the grove, and here was the grand mar-
shal, saying: "You all stay still until
the crowd has settled, then march up
to the stand right behind the fiddles.
Gif your pipes tuned, an when you hear
the anvil, why, just cut loose an sing
fer-all you're worth."

The anvil, posted high on the hill-
side, was crammed with powder and
in charge of its owner, big Bill Mur-
ray. As the flag blossomed out above
the stand Bill lighted the fuse and
sprang two yards away. Next minute
flame and smoke and a roar as of thun-
der filled the valley. The echoes had
not died before the glee club began.
Miss Hill stood in front, the men mak-
ing a background for her white splen-
dors. If her voice was untrained, it was
clear and true. The tenor had a clarion
ring in his upper notes, though the
lower ones were slurred. But an
audience patriotically uncritical ap-
plauded wildly and joined in the chorus
with might and main. From "Hail,
Columbia!" the singers swept into "The
Star Spangled Banner," which got
more cheers and the same strong



"PLEASE READ FROM THIS TODAY."

chorusing. Then an old fellow sprang
upon a bench, waved a slouch hat and
shouted: "Give us 'Dixie,' do! It's got
the Pot' er July feelin' of it ain't na-
tional!"

"Hurrah! Hurrah-h-h! Hurra-a-h!"
came from the crowd. A one armed
man set up a cry, keen, vital, tumultu-
ous, instantly echoed by every mascu-
line throat. It was the Confederate
yell and swept the singers out of all
self consciousness as they broke into
"Dixie." Instantly the crowd was on
its feet, singing, too, not loudly, but
with a sort of murmurous ululation
that underlaid the glee club's chant.

"B'jacks, that makes me feel 40
years younger!" a stout man said to his
crippled neighbor, who smiled and
noddled toward the stars and stripes,
saying: "We never dreamed o' such as
this back when we fought an bled an
died for 'Cousin Sally Ann.' Maybe it
all happened for the best. Uncle Sam
seems to treat us pretty middlin' fair."

The stout man nodded emphatically.
"Our man gits his chance now," he
said. "Dancy's singin' sorter took this
crowd off its feet, but Page is a thor-
oughbred. I'll back him to come in on
the home stretch."

"With Thomas Jefferson to help
him," the other said, smiling half wis-
tfully. Page was walking to the plat-
form alone and in dead silence. John
Mims sat there; so did the perspiring
grand marshal and old Judge Greer, a
sort of Nestor in state politics. He
was Page's good friend and meant to
be wholly kind in saying, "It is with
pride and pleasure that I introduce Mr.
Leslie Page, a Tennessean who knows
what Thomas Jefferson wrote 'by
heart'."

Page bowed thanks for the applause
which greeted him, thrust his hand in-
to his breast pocket and drew out a
slim packet. As he unfolded it he al-
most let it drop. It was all blank pa-
per. At once he understood that he
had been tricked, that defeat stared
him in the face. After all, he was a
thoroughbred. Dropping his hands el-
ther side of him, he began, not loudly,
but with penetrating power, to repeat
the Declaration's first paragraph.

He did know by heart the substance
of it. Could he, dared he, undertake to
recall the form? He kept on and on,
his tense voice reaching and thrilling the
outermost of the throng. Suddenly
mental darkness enveloped him. He
faltered, hesitated, but nobody wonder-
ed. All were looking at a slim girl in a
blue gingham frock and sun hat, flush-
ed and dusty, with hair blown out of
curl. But her eyes were clear and raised
confidently to Page as she walked
up the aisle holding toward him what
seemed to be a banner. At the foot of
the stand she halted, saying clearly:
"I hope I am in time, Mr. Page. Please
read from this today. My great-grand-
father, who was Andrew Jackson's
friend, had it printed in honor of the
great Lafayette."

Page raised the yellowed silk rever-
ently and held it above his head so all
might see the tarnished gold of the let-
tering. "It seems to me almost sacri-
lege," he said, "for me, for any man, to
read anything to a people who own
such memories and keep them green."

It was ten minutes before he could
say more. Even then the marshal had
to order the fiddles to strike up "The
Eighth of January" by way of quieting
the crowd. Under cover of it Miss Hill
said to Buck Darden with her almost
foss: "The Pot' er July must be catch-
in. Marina Key has declared her inde-
pendence of the Mims tribe, an Mr.
John looks mad enough to have a fit."

SHIPPING NEWS

As soon as the connection between
the Wireless Telegraph Co.'s station
at Waiakae and the town office is
made all sailing vessels and steamers
will be reported from Molokai. This
will mean that a vessel will in future
be reported about two hours sooner
than at the present time.—Republic.

Judge Estee is still at work on the
William Carson case. Friday morn-
ing pilots and several sailing masters
were examined. Captain McNeill,
of the barkentine Planter, who has
been sailing to the islands for eigh-
teen years, was an important wit-
ness. Among other statements of
Captain Macaulay, pilot, was that he
did not consider the Claudine prop-
erly manned at the time of the ac-
cident.—Star.

Times are lively among shipping
circles these days, which is in strong
contrast with the conditions that
existed two weeks ago, when you
could shoot a cannon ball from the
old fish market wharf to the Pacific
Mail docks without hitting a sail or
a spar. At present all the wharves
are crowded there not being a vacant
berth, and with several vessels in
the stream waiting for an oppor-
tunity to discharge.—Bulletin.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 30.—It was
only by the greatest amount of moral
suasion that Captain Harry Struve
succeeded in keeping his crew aboard
the United States transport Han-
cock. The crack ship of the fleet
was chosen to bring home the dead
and when the news was noised around
the sailors and firemen evinced a
very decided inclination to desert.
At Honolulu nearly 300 bodies of
soldiers who had died during the war
were taken aboard, while at Manila
enough coffins were added to the
list to make the number of remains
on board as even two thousand. As
coffin after coffin was sunk into the
hold the courage of the men sank
inch by inch, and it required a file of
bayonets to keep them aboard just
about sailing time.

Vessels in Port—Kahului

Sch. Mary Dodge, Olsen, from Ta-
coma.

Sp. A. F. Fuller, Derinott, from
Ladysmith, B. C.

Bk. Antiope, Murray, from Lady-
smith, B. C.

Sch. Serena Thayer, Capt. Mc
Vicar, from Eureka.

Arrived.

Dec. 8.—Sch. Golden Gate, from
Honolulu, cars for K. R. R. Co.

Dec. 11.—Str. Claudine, Captain
Lane, from Honolulu.

Departures.

Dec. 11.—Sch. Golden Gate, for
Honolulu.

Dec. 15.—Str. Claudine, for Ho-
nolulu.

Dec. 15.—Sch. Mary Dodge, Olsen,
for Tacoma; in ballast.

Dec. 15.—Sch. Serena Thayer,
McVicar, for Lahaina; lumber.

Expected.

Sch. Metha Nelson, from San Fran-
cisco.

Sp. John D. Tallant, from Nitrate
port.

Bkine Quickstep, from Sound;
lumber.

Sp. Charmer, from Tacoma; coal.

Sp. Challenger, from Tacoma; coal.

Sch. Honoipo, from Newcastle;
coal.

Bkine Chehalis, from Newcastle;
coal.

Honolulu Postoffice Time Table.

DATE	NAME	FROM
Dec. 8	Coptic	Yokohama
" 8	Australia	S. F.
" 13	Nippon Maru	S. F.
" 15	America Maru	Yokohama
" 18	Ventura	S. F.
" 18	Sierra	Colonies
" 19	Miwera	Colonies
" 21	Rio de Janeiro	S. F.
" 22	Warrimoo	Victoria, B. C.
" 25	City of Peking	Yokohama
" 25	Coptic	S. F.
" 29	Australia	S. F.

FOR

Dec. 8	Coptic	S. F.
" 12	Australia	S. F.
" 13	Nippon Maru	Yokohama
" 15	America Maru	S. F.
" 18	Ventura	Colonies
" 18	Sierra	S. F.
" 19	Miwera	Victoria, B. C.
" 21	Rio de Janeiro	Yokohama
" 22	Warrimoo	Colonies
" 25	City of Peking	S. F.
" 25	Coptic	Yokohama

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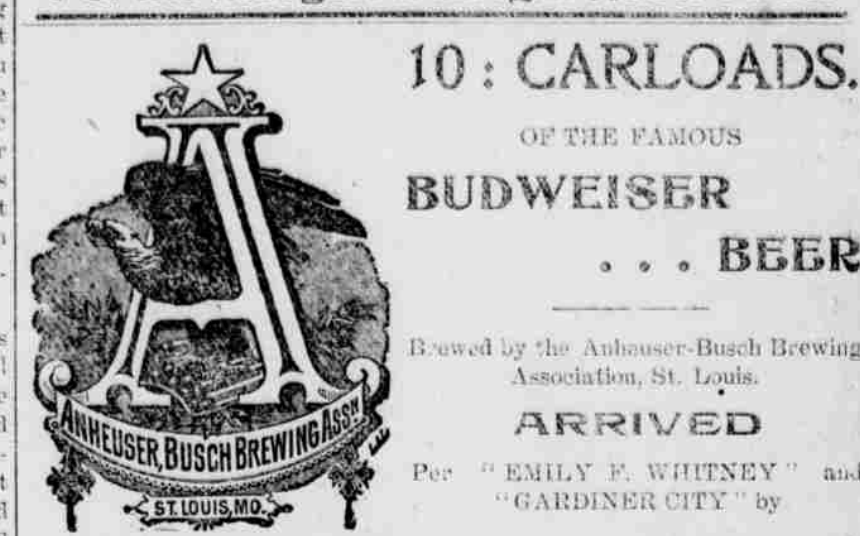
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